

And where the plaided chieftains bold
That round their monarch stood !
And where the damsels that of old
Made merry Holyrood ?
And where that fair, ill-fated Queen,
And where the minstrels gray,
That made those vaulted arches ring—
Where, where are they ?

Though mould'ring are the minstrels' bones,
Their thoughts have time withstood—
They live in snatches of old songs
Of ancient Holyrood.
For thrones and dynasties depart,
And diadems decay,
But these old gushings of the heart,
Pass not away.

